

# TRUE BLUE

A WEEKLY DEVOTED TO THE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF OUR  
BOYS IN BLUE

## CLIF'S HOUR OF PERIL; OR, ON BOARD THE ADMIRAL'S FLAG-SHIP.



BY  
ENSIGN CLARKE FITCH, U.S.N.

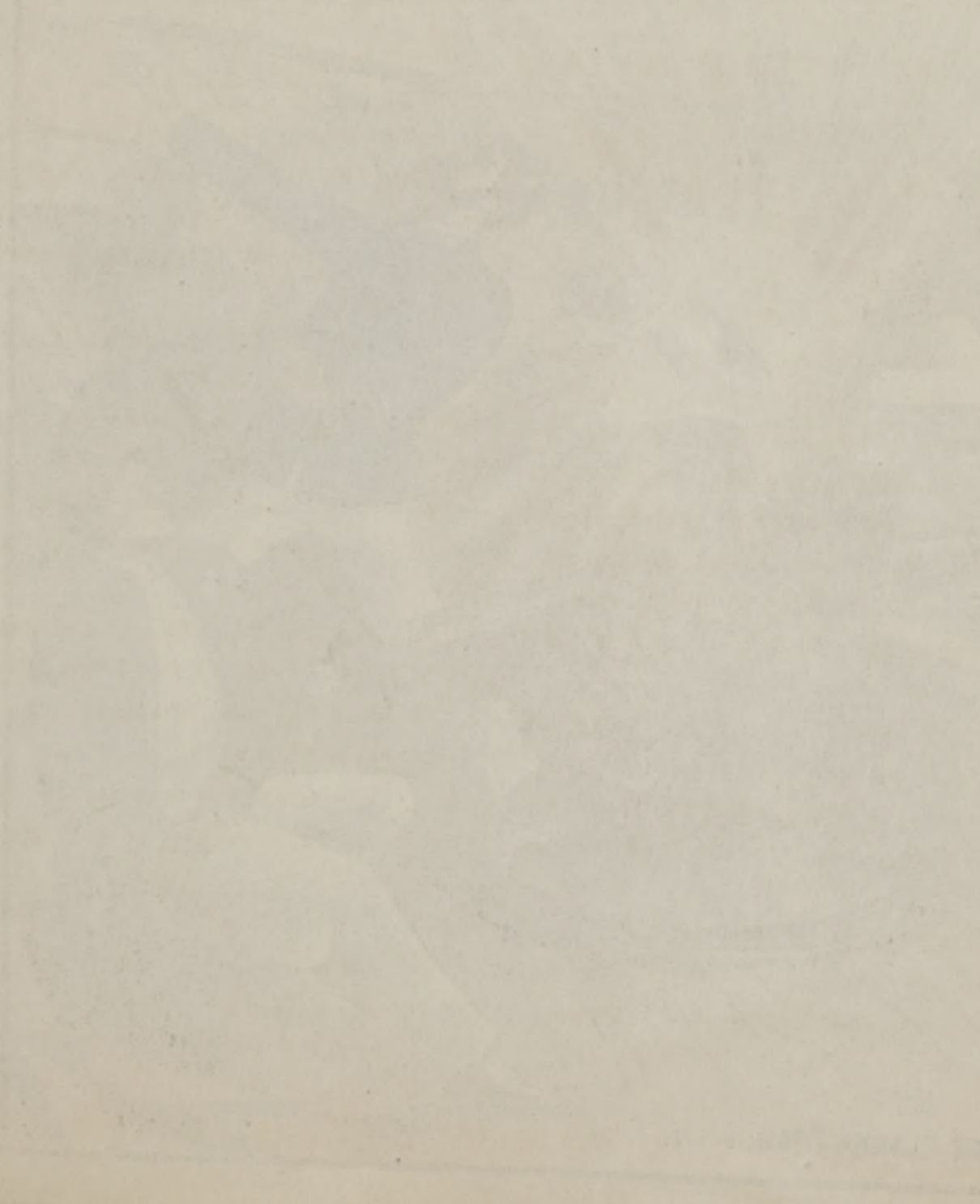


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## CLIF FARADAY'S HOUR OF PERIL

OR,

### ON BOARD THE ADMIRAL'S FLAGSHIP.

BY ENSIGN CLARKE FITCH, U. S. N.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

"Hist!"

"Who's that?"

The author of the second exclamation, which was one of alarm and terror, was a negro woman who had been hurrying down the seashore a short distance from the town of Rio Guayra, near Santiago.

She had been suddenly startled by hearing an exclamation, which apparently proceeded from the bushes near her.

She had started back with the cry of fright.

And then suddenly she turned to run, for she heard a cracking sound in the thicket; but she was stopped by hearing some one call her, in a voice that sounded familiar.

"Wait a moment, please!"

The woman whirled about and stared in amazement. She saw a head peering out at her; she recognized the face.

"Cadet Faraday!" she gasped.

It was a young American officer, Clif Faraday of the Uncas. His face was pale and careworn; but there was nothing about him to cause the negro woman's evident alarm.

"Come here," he whispered hastily.

"I want to talk to you."

But the woman still shrunk back.

"It's his ghost!" she cried.

And Clif could not forbear a laugh, despite the unpleasant situation he was then in.

"No," he said, "I'm still in the land of the living. You think I was killed when I blew up the Spanish torpedo boat last night?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the woman.

"All the Spaniards think so too; that's why nobody's been hunting for me. But I wasn't. I escaped after I lit the fuse. And now come in here quickly, for I want to see you."

The woman appeared still a little dubious of Clif's statement. But she knew

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that she was likely to be seen there, so she pushed her way into the bushes.

The cadet eyed her a moment anxiously, and then he began:

"Are you from Spain?" he demanded suddenly.

"Fo' de Lord, no!" cried the woman.

"What are you then?"

"I dunno. I was born in Jamâiky."

"I ask you," Clif went on hastily, "because as you see, I've had to put my life in your hands. I suppose you know that after last night when I ran away with the Spanish torpedo boat and blew it up the Spaniards would do anything in the world to catch me. But they won't find me, unless you tell them. I had to tell you."

"Why?"

"Because I am nearly starved. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon. You must get me something."

The woman shook her head in alarm.

"I can't!" she cried.

"Why not?"

"I've run away too."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"With your mistress, Maria Celayo, you mean?"

"No, sah; she's a prisoner again."

Clif started.

"Tell me about her!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I haven't seen her since last night when I left with the torpedo boat."

The negress, who Clif noticed then was trembling all over with fright and exhaustion, sank down upon the ground.

"Oh, she moaned, "it was terrible.

Why did yo' leave her las' night? Yo' ought to took her with yo'!"

Clif explained to the servant in a few words how he had helped her mistress to escape from her tyrannical father, Captain Celayo, and Lieutenant Celayo, her brutal cousin; and how when the girl had learned that it was his intention to steal away with the torpedo boat, which was hidden up the river, she, being a Spaniard, in spite of her hatred of her cousin, had tried to prevent him."

"So I had to leave her behind," Clif said; "I have been wondering what would become of her when her father discovered her flight."

The woman shuddered.

"Oh, it was awful!" she groaned.

"Tell me about it, said Clif, hastily.

In response to his request the woman began her story. It was one that made Clif's blood boil.

"Yo' know," she said, "ole Cap'n Clayo is tryin' to make Miss Maria marry dat cousin, de lieutenant. An' he wants to git her money. Las' night when dey found she'd run away, oh, dey was an awful time. Den dey found out you was gone after de torpedo boat. Dey had kep' it a secret, 'bout dat boat, an' dey was a-goin' to attack de 'Mericans——"

"I know all about that," said Clif, hastily. "I can imagine they were crazy at the way I balked their plans. But that's all past now. Go on."

"Well, de lieutenant went to chase yo', too. An' den he telegraphed from whar' de torpedo boat was dat you'd killed a lot o' men an' stole it. Den it blew up an' killed a lot more. Oh, de cap'n was jis'

**Every Boy that Likes Clif Faraday is Sure to Like Frank Merriwell.**



crazy; I heerd him yellin' an' shriekin', an' den right in de middle of it back comes de lieutenant, draggin' in Miss Maria——"

"What!" Clif cried in horror.

"Yes, he found her hidin'. An' dey laid all de blame on her."

"It wasn't her fault!" Clif exclaimed.

"I heerd her cryin' dat," groaned the woman. "But dey wouldn't believe her—an'—an' I thought dey'd kill her."

Clif's hands were clinched and there was an angry gleam in his eyes as he thought of the sufferings of this beautiful girl. He blamed himself for having left her, though, of course, it was really no fault of his.

"Go on," he cried, eagerly. "Go on! What did they do?"

"Dey dragged her upstairs. I heerd 'em yellin' an' shriekin' curses at her. An' den dey beat her——"

"What!" roared Clif.

He leaped to his feet, his face fairly purple with wrath.

"What!" he cried again.

"'Ssh! Yes!" whispered the woman.

"You don't mean that that horrible brute, her cousin, actually struck Maria Celayo?"

"He—he did," moaned the woman. "Oh, it must a' been ten minutes I heerd her cryin'. An' den I couldn't stand it no mo'! I ran up de stairs."

"And what did you see?"

"Miss Maria was lyin' on the floor; I thought she was dead. De cap'n was a tearin' up an' down de room like a wild man."

"And Don Celayo?"

"He was a standin' over Miss Maria with a piece of a chair in his hand——"

"Good Heavens—the brute!" gasped Clif.

"Oh, it was awful! I——"

"Did you see him strike her?"

"N—no. He was jes' a threateenin' her. 'Will you marry me now?' I heerd him yell. 'Por dios, if you don't I'll give you this every day for a month!'"

"He said that?"

"Yes. An' he says, 'I've got yo' now. If you don't marry me I'll have you accused of treason!'"

"Treason!"

"Yes. An' de cap'n turned round an' shouted yes, too, an' that he had a good mind to hang her himself for a traitor. An' den he cursed, an' de lieutenant kicked her——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, an' I see her face war all white an' she moaned out she'd marry him if he'd only stop."

The effect of this recital upon Clif may be imagined. The thought of those two brutal Spaniards beating that beautiful and gentle young girl affected Clif deeply.

"Merciful Heavens!" he groaned, "how they must have tortured her! Actually to make her yield to Don Celayo!"

Clif knew how the girl hated her savage cousin. She had sworn to die rather than marry him.

"What did you do?" he demanded, fiercely, turning to the negress.

"I couldn't stand it," moaned the woman. "I ran in to stop him. An' he struck me too. Look!"



Clif noticed, what he had not noticed before, that there was a gash across the woman's forehead.

"And what then?" he demanded.

"I ran. An' dat's all. I been watchin' a chance all day to run away."

"But what of your mistress?"

"I dunno, sah. She's locked up in dat room dar; she must be near dead."

For about a minute Clif stood with knitted brow and clinched fists, gazing into space.

His sudden calmness surprised the negress not a little, for but a few moments before he had been pacing wildly up and down, almost frantic with rage at the story she told him.

But now he was quiet again; and the negress was puzzled.

When he spoke, however, his voice was hard, and there was a light in his eyes which was ugly.

"Listen!" he said abruptly. "After the way Don Celayo has acted I suppose you do not love him much——"

The woman looked such a picture of hatred that the cadet knew there was no need of his saying any more.

"You will not betray me to him," he said. "Very well. Now listen."

"Go on, sah."

"I want you to do just exactly as I say. I shall trust to you now."

"I'll do so!" protested the woman, earnestly. "'Deed I——"

"Yes," said Clif, "I know. Now, in the first place, how far is Rio Guayra from here?"

"'Bout half a mile."

"Just right! Now you go back there ——"

The woman's face showed signs of the deepest terror.

"No, no!" she cried, "I——"

"Listen," said Clif, sternly. "Now you just let me attend to this. You go back to the town and you go see Lieutenant Celayo——"

"Oh, massa, he'll kill me!"

"No, he won't; he'll thank you. Tell him that you've just seen me here——"

"W-what!"

"That you've seen me here and that I shot at you. And you lead him down the beach to this place. Now do you understand?"

From the look of blank consternation on the woman's face it was plain that she did. She seemed for a moment to think Clif was mad.

"He—he'll kill you!"

"I think not," was the cadet's glum response. "Two can play at that game. Now remember, you are to bring him straight down the beach and to this very spot. I'll leave my cap here, so he'll know you've not been lying."

"But whar'll you be?" cried the amazed woman.

"I'll be near," Clif answered. "You leave that to me. And now go, and do just as I've told you."

And the woman, though still terrified and puzzled, yielded to Clif's stronger nature. She staggered to her feet and set out hesitatingly in the direction of Rio Guayra.

And Clif sat down to examine his revolvers.



## CHAPTER II.

## A DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

Clif's thoughts during the next few minutes were not very pleasant ones. His hunger, of which he had spoken before, he had completely forgotten. There was wrath in his heart.

Ever since Clif had seen this dark-faced Spaniard, Lieutenant Celayo, he had felt that he was a man to despise. The story the faithful servant had just told Clif had deepened that feeling into the intensest hatred.

Outwardly the cadet was calm, there was a terribly grim look upon his face, however.

It took him but a minute to make sure that both his revolvers were in working order; he slipped them back into his belt and then arose.

According to his promise to the negress he dropped his cap on the ground; and then he strode hastily away into the thicket.

But he did not go very far. He sought out a dense spot where he could hide. There he crouched and waited.

In the meantime (for he had fully ten minutes to wait) Clif laid his plans.

On the previous night when Maria Celayo had come so very near balking all Clif's plans he had naturally felt some resentment towards her. But now when he thought it over he could not but admire the brave girl's spirit.

For she was a Spaniard; and Clif knew that under the circumstances he would have acted in exactly the same way.

And so he felt only rage at the thought of the treatment she had suffered.

"If Heaven will help me," he muttered, gritting his teeth, "that Don Celayo will never beat her again."

What to do with Don Celayo Clif had firmly made up his mind; he did not have to worry his head over that problem.

"But what's to be done about her," he thought. "It will be just as bad to leave her in the hands of that father of hers. She wanted to escape."

It occurred to Clif that perhaps the poor girl might now be too ill to leave Rio Guayra, even if she got another chance.

"But, by George!" Clif exclaimed; "I'd like to give that chance to her. If I could only think of some way."

He was busily revolving the problem in his mind. He suddenly gave a quick start and muttered an eager exclamation.

A look of delight had overspread his face.

"Gorry!" he exclaimed half aloud. "It would be a risky thing! I wonder if I dare—yes, by jingo, I will, and I'll save that girl if it costs me my life!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he gave another sudden start.

He had heard footsteps!

That second event did not cause so much excitement, for Clif had been expecting it. He merely gripped his revolvers.

But one who watched him closely might have seen that his eyes were blazing and that every muscle of his body was quivering with eagerness.

YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT THE MIRACULOUS WINE GLASS.



About as stealthily as a serpent might have done Clif raised himself up until he could see through the high grass. Then he waited.

The first sound he heard was the snapping of a twig. Then he caught the noise of people walking.

Clif strained his ears. Suddenly he heard a voice—one that he was eagerly listening for.

It was Don Celayo!

At first the tones were low. Clif could catch nothing. But every moment the steps came nearer.

And then at last he could make out what was said.

"You say you saw him near here?"

A low response from the negress.

"Por dios, you understand I'll take no fooling! Santa Maria, if I don't find him, I'll kill you——"

"Oh—oh, senor!"

"You know me, I think. You say he shot at you?"

"Y-yes, senor."

"I can't see why the dog should do that. But where—what's that!"

"I told you so, senor!" cried the woman, eagerly.

"They've found the hat," muttered Clif.

"Yes, it's his!" roared the Spaniard. "Caramba! But he's gone now. By Heaven, we'll catch him!"

He suddenly seemed to recollect that it might be well to make no noise. All Clif could catch then were the whispered words: "come on, men."

Men!

Clif started. He had not thought of the

lieutenant's coming with some of the sailors.

For a moment Clif thought of waiting for awhile for a better opportunity to carry out his plans, but he was too angry for that.

"No, stay and have it out," he resolved.

He gripped his revolver yet tighter. The moment had almost come!

Don Celayo had not half believed the woman's story, which accounts for his careless actions. He knew, or thought he knew, that Clif had been killed last night along with half a dozen Spanish sailors.

But now all was different. He was sure that the hated American was alive.

And he and his men, however many they might be, came on so silently that the cadet could hardly hear them.

He heard the negress moaning in fright, however, and suddenly he heard the savage Spaniard whisper:

"Shut up, you fool!"

And then once more there was silence, and a long, anxious period of suspense.

Don Celayo must have told from the ground which way Clif had gone; he set out silently to track him.

In half a minute more the cadet, peering out from his hiding place, caught the first glimpse of a white uniform, and a moment later of another.

"Two sailors," he thought. "If that's all, I can manage it very nicely."

He continued watching; he saw the lieutenant behind the two men. And that was all.

THERE ARE PEOPLE AFTER FRANK'S MONEY.



In the dense thicket the three could not have been ten yards away.

And they were coming forward rapidly, as if expecting a long chase.

The eager cadet noticed that the sailors each had revolvers in their hands, and that Celayo had a drawn sword. He gritted his teeth resolutely.

There was an anxious moment for Clif. It would have been for the three Spaniards also if they had had any idea of the peril that lay in front of them.

But they came on unawares. And Clif, by a strong effort of will, held himself back until they were almost upon him.

It was a terrible thing to do; an ambush always seems an unfair way of fighting. But Clif's position was a desperate one, and he knew it.

He had his revolvers leveled and from behind the bushes he took a long, careful aim.

His life depended upon that aim, and he knew it. There would be no second chance.

And when he pulled the triggers, both together, the two Spanish sailors did not even have time to be surprised.

As the sharp report rang out both of them flung up their hands and staggered backwards without a groan. Neither of them moved again, for Clif's bullets had sped true to their mark.

As for trembling Celayo one may fancy the look of horror upon his face; he stood perfectly transfixed with amazement.

And almost before the two unfortunate sailors had had time to fall Clif had leaped up from his place of concealment

and leveled the two weapons at the officer's head.

"Hold up your hands," he shouted, "or you are a dead man!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### A STRANGE DUEL.

There was a determined look upon Clif Faraday's face just then, and a light in his eyes that there was no mistaking.

And yet in spite of that, and in spite of the fact that the muzzle of the revolver was within a few feet of Lieutenant Celayo's face, so deep was the man's wrath and fury that he would certainly have tried to resist.

But unfortunately for him he had his sword in his hand instead of his revolver, and he had sense enough to know that he could do nothing with that.

So he merely stood motionless, glaring into Clif's eyes with the concentrated fury of a tiger.

For perhaps half a minute they continued so.

During that time the Spaniard found himself gazing into the muzzle of Clif's revolver, which never wavered. The sight ought to have tamed him somewhat.

The cadet gave him time to realize the hopelessness of his position; then he spoke.

"Lieutenant Celayo," he said, in a voice that was calm and firm, "you will drop your sword."

The Spaniard's reply was an oath, and a refusal.

Clif smiled grimly.

"We'll see," he muttered. "I think



you can realize that you are my prisoner. I have you trapped."

"Curse that woman!" snapped Celayo.

"Yes," said Clif. "You may blame it all on her. However, as I said, you are my prisoner——"

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I am not aware that it is any of your business. I may be able to tell better when I have disarmed you."

Again there was a silence, while the revolver still shone in the man's face.

"I said put down your sword," Clif said. "And now I will count three. You know me well enough to believe me; if you have not obeyed before I say the word three I shall fire."

Don Celayo's helpless and baffled rage was terrible to see; he was like a wild man in chains.

"One," said Clif, grimly.

There was no move.

"Two."

"Three——"

The sword dropped to the ground before the word was half uttered. Clif smiled.

"Now," he said, "hold up your hands—no, way up! That is it!"

And the moment that the man obeyed he sprang forward and took his revolver from his belt.

And then Clif stepped back, and gripping the weapon firmly, flung it far away into the thicket.

"Now we can talk," said the cadet, lowering his own weapon.

He fixed his eyes upon Lieutenant Celayo and cleared his throat.

"Now I will tell you what I mean to

do with you," he said slowly, "and I fancy that it will surprise you somewhat, too. I am going to treat you a good deal better than you deserve—treat you as a man of honor—whereas you are a cur!"

Lieutenant Celayo turned perfectly livid with wrath at those words.

"Yes," continued Clif, relentlessly, "I said cur, and cur I mean. Take care there; step back or I'll have to shoot you. You might as well brace yourself to listen, for before I do anything else I mean to tell you what I think of you. This colored woman has just told me of your treatment of your cousin, and I tell you it made my blood boil. Lieutenant Celayo, you are a creature beneath the contempt of a dog. You are a miserable, cowardly ruffian whom I ought to kick about this place instead of treating as I am going to."

Clif's indignation at that moment almost got the better of him; it was all he could do to restrain the trembling hand that held his revolver.

"You brute!" he cried. "I am ashamed to look at you. And think that you wear the shape of a man. But I cannot talk to you, or I shall be tempted to give you a little of what you deserve. And I have determined to do otherwise, for I cannot make up my mind to murder even a hound like you."

Clif stopped abruptly.

"Step back from that sword," he commanded, sternly.

The Spaniard obeyed, though he was fairly quivering. Clif picked up the sword and sent it after the revolver. He also took off his own sword.



"Lieutenant Celayo," he said, "I have racked my brains to think of the best way of managing to punish you. If I could tie you up I would horsewhip you. As it is I have to try something else."

Still keeping his eye on the man Clif took off his coat. He thrust his revolver in his belt and then folded his arms and faced the Spaniard.

"Are you acquainted with the Marquis of Queensbury rules?" he inquired, grimly.

He knew perfectly well that the man would not know what he was talking about.

"They are about as follows," he continued. "I mean to give you a sound thrashing, with bare fists, and nothing else. There will be no clinching and no running away. I'm referee, and if you try either trick I'll put a bullet through you. Those are the rules."

Boxing is not a Spanish amusement, and Lieutenant Celayo was considerably puzzled. But he understood one thing, that he was to fight with that hated Yankee. And, like a flash, he whipped off his coat.

"Excellent," said Clif. "Now come on."

There was no need for him to say that, for almost before the words were out of his mouth the other, with an oath of rage, leaped like a panther at his throat.

And so began that singular boxing-match.

Clif Faraday was an expert in the art of self-defense, and moreover he was calm, while his opponent was blind with

fury. So there was really little doubt of the issue of the combat, provided the latter used no foul tricks.

Clif meant to watch out for that and keep his distance. As the man rushed at him he stepped lightly to one side.

And a moment later, Lieutenant Celayo's course was stopped short by a terrific blow between the eyes.

"Number one," muttered Clif.

The force of the stroke sent the other reeling backwards, and he fairly shrieked with rage. It seemed to Clif, as he dashed in again, that the man was fairly foaming at the mouth.

The Spaniard leaped at him as if he meant to claw his eyes out; Clif, who never lost his presence of mind for an instant, struck his hands down with one fist and with the other repeated his first terrible blow.

Lieutenant Celayo, dazed with the pain and his own passion, almost fell backwards. An instant later he stooped and snatched up a rock that lay at his feet.

But Clif calmly drew out his revolver.

"That is not in the rules," he muttered. "Drop it!"

The man, still gripping it, crouched and glared like a tiger.

"Drop it!" repeated Clif, firmly.

He started to count the deadly three again, and, as before, the other yielded.

"Good!" said Clif. "Now come on again."

But Don Celayo's eagerness had been somewhat cured by his two unpleasant receptions. Instead of rushing in again he contented himself with cursing.



Clif did not like cursing; he stood very little of it.

"I guess it is time for me to begin," he said.

The Spaniard hissed out another oath and clinched his hands until the blood flowed.

"Look out!" cried Clif.

And suiting the action to the word he sprang at the lieutenant. The other met him half way, and there was a furious battle from that moment.

It was a desperate struggle that little clearing saw for the next few minutes.

Clif might have saved himself by dodging, for he was clever and quick enough. But he did not choose to do that. He was too angry.

He took all of the furious Spaniard's blows; it was give and take, and no mercy.

The Spaniard's strength was terrific, and when he lanted once or twice he quite staggered Clif. But the cadet gave him tit for tat, and with more skill and steadiness. Don Celayo could not stand it long and he began to give way.

Whatever doubt there might have been as to the result was ended then. And yet the fight had hardly begun. Clif had a duty to do, and he set to work to do it.

Here and there about the place he drove the furious Spaniard, planting blow after blow that almost paralyzed Clif's own hands. As fast as the other might retreat, Clif followed, and though the man staggered and reeled and shrieked in pain and fury, Clif had no mercy upon him.

Nor did he get an instant's respite from

the blows that followed thick as hail, until finally one terrific crack under the chin sent him flying backward to the ground.

He lay there moaning; Clif stood and watched him.

He would not strike him while he was down; but the moment he saw him open his eyes he prodded him with his foot.

"Get up," he muttered. "Quick!"

And Don Celayo's hatred still sustained him; he muttered a horrible imprecation, and, staggering to his feet, made one more rush at Clif.

The cadet stepped to one side as before, and as the man passed him shot out his fist. It was a blow that was meant to end the agony, and it did. It sent Don Celayo to the ground like a log.

This time he was unconscious; the fight was over.

And Clif, with a sigh of relief, slipped on his jacket and sat down to rest.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A DARING VENTURE.

Weakened and half starved as Clif was, that fight had very nearly exhausted him. But still in his situation he dared not spend much time resting.

For who knew how many more Spaniards might not even then be coming out to look for him. Clif was soon on his feet once more and ready for business.

"My work isn't half done yet," he muttered, grimly.

Any one who could have known the plan he was just then meditating would have agreed quite readily with the statement.

IF YOU READ TRUE BLUE, THEN READ THE TIP TOP WEEKLY.



"Yes, it is risky," Clif thought to himself. "But I've nothing to risk but my own life, and that girl I must save."

He shut his teeth together with a snap, and without further hesitation he set to work.

The first thing was to find the poor negress, who during the exciting events just described had been hiding nearby trembling with terror.

She staggered out as she heard Clif call her. When she saw Lieutenant Celayo's condition she gave a cry of delight.

"Listen to me," began Clif, hastily. "I have something more for you to do, and quickly."

"What is it?" demanded she.

"In the first place," said Clif, "where is Captain Celayo now?"

"De cap'n's gone to Santiago," was the answer.

"Very good," said Clif. "I guess he's gone to tell about that torpedo boat business."

He thought for a moment, and then he asked:

"Has Lieutenant Celayo a great coat?"

"A what?"

"I mean an overcoat, with a big cape, such as he'd wear on rainy days."

The woman answered in the affirmative.

"It's in his room," she said.

"Very good," said Clif. "Now you must get it for me."

The woman looked astonished, but she asked no more questions.

"Let no one see it. Wrap it up in some way. I will come on toward the

village and meet you on your way back. Now be quick."

She hurried away; and Clif turned toward Lieutenant Celayo.

The man showed no signs of returning to consciousness. But Clif made haste none the less.

It was a very peculiar thing that he did; he proceeded to take off the officer's uniform.

And Clif took off his own, too. In a very few minutes he had made a transfer and was clad in the Spanish uniform.

He did not stop to put his own on the lieutenant again.

"He's had dressing enough," Clif muttered grimly.

But instead of that he removed more of the man's clothing, and in lieu of a rope, bound him hand and foot with that. It answered the purpose just as well, and without delaying a moment longer the cadet made his way out to the beach.

His destination then was Rio Guayra. He made his way along near the edge of the thicket, where he was hidden. In a few minutes he caught sight of the colored woman again.

She had the overcoat wrapped in a newspaper. Clif when she reached him put it on and then started boldly down the beach.

"An overcoat in July is rather unusual, I fancy," he thought, "but no one will ask questions, I feel sure."

He put the cape over his head until his face was concealed entirely; but he left the coat unbuttoned so that any one might see the uniform.

He was fortunately about the same size

THE OLD FARMER'S COLD IS VERY FUNNY.



as the lieutenant; and he hoped that, Rio Guayra being such a very small village, few would see him at all.

It was a desperate undertaking none the less, and Clif kept a revolver in each pocket of the overcoat.

It was a hot day, fortunately for Clif, and most of Captain Celayo's men had sought the shelter of the trees back of the village. Clif observed to his great delight that as he neared the village the only man who was visible was the sentry who was marching in front of the captain's headquarters.

And him Clif knew he could avoid by taking the rear entrance of the house. Just then his heart was bounding with triumph, for he felt that success was certain.

Fortunately for him he knew the village perfectly—which was the captain's house and which was his daughter's room.

Clif was in too much of a hurry even to glance around the dusty little village with its half dozen huts. He made his way to the rear of the big house and boldly entered the door.

Here he knew he had to pass a sentry at the head of the stairs.

"But there's no use delaying," he muttered. "It's got to be done, and the quicker the better."

There was no one in the lower hall, though Clif could hear a tramping sound above. He strode boldly up the stairs.

Fortunately enough, the hallway was rather dark, and Clif did not even need the cape to hide him.

The sentry saluted; also he gave one

surprised glance at the overcoat. Then recovering himself, he marched on.

As for Clif, he strode over to Maria Celayo's door, which the sentry was guarding. He did not dare wait to knock; for all he knew the girl might be too ill to open it. He turned the knob, flung the door open boldly and marched in.

As he had expected, he saw the girl's figure stretched out on the bed. Her face was buried in her arms and Clif heard her moan.

But when she heard the door open she glanced up; and catching sight of the hated lieutenant's uniform she staggered to her feet and screamed.

Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping. There was such a look of agony and terror in them that Clif could not bear to keep her in suspense even a second.

He slammed the door behind him and flinging back the cape, he sprang forward.

"Miss Celayo," he cried. "It is I."

The girl gave one glance at him, and turned as white as a sheet. She staggered backward, and a moment later fell back against the bed in a dead faint.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN UNEXPECTED DANGER.

It was no wonder that the poor girl was frightened at that apparition. Like the colored woman, and all the rest of the Spaniards, she had thought Clif dead.

Even after he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness it was some time before he could get her to realize that it was really he.

**If Frank Remained on the Stage He Would Make His Fortune.**



But when she did the change in her manner was surprising. The blood came back to her cheeks; her weakness seemed to leave her in an instant; and she sprang to her feet with an eager cry.

"You have come to help me?" she exclaimed.

"I have," Clif answered.

"And in spite of what I did last night?"

"That was but your duty," said he.

The girl was speechless with gratitude and delight. But Clif could read her admiration for him in her eyes.

A moment afterward she noticed again that Clif had on Lieutenant Celayo's uniform. A puzzled look swept over her face.

"How—how did you get that?" she cried.

"I have been settling scores with him," was the answer.

The girl's eyes gleamed, and she clinched her hands.

"You have killed him?" she whispered, eagerly.

"Almost. He's not quite dead——"

"You don't mean you wounded him and left him alive!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes," said Clif. "He is unconscious——"

"Where about?"

"A short way down the beach."

There was a look over the girl's face at that moment that was far from pleasant. It was a look of hatred made up of all the wrongs she had suffered from Lieutenant Celayo.

"Come on!" she cried. "Let us find him before he gets away."

"What for?"

"What for! To kill him! I think if he escapes once more I shall commit suicide."

The cadet stared at the girl in amazement. She seemed to have forgotten that she was a prisoner, and she was on the point of opening the door and rushing out.

But she heard the tramp of the sentry, and that brought her back to her present position.

"Oh," she cried, "can you help me to get out? Can you shoot that sentry, or——"

"I think I can manage it," put in Clif. "I have a plan. That's why I came here."

He stepped toward her and the two whispered together for a minute or two.

Then suddenly Maria Celayo sprang back, and raised her voice. She gave a scream that echoed through the building.

"No! no!" she cried. "I will not go. I tell you I will not! Stop! stop! Help! help!"

Clif did not seem to mind that very much; he stood and watched her. The only time he moved was when he flung over a chair and a table that stood in the centre of the room.

Meanwhile the girl continued her cries.

"I won't go, I tell you!" she shouted. "I don't care if my father said so or not. I don't believe you. You may kill me, but I won't go with you. Help! help!" Her voice sank into a groan.

Clif picked up a book from the floor and flung it against a looking-glass.

FRANK MERRIWELL IS A WONDER AT SLEIGHT OF HAND.



breaking it with a crash. Miss Celayo screamed once more.

Clif then carefully put the cape up over his head again. He drew his revolver in one hand, and seized the girl by the wrist with the other. Then he stepped toward the door.

He turned the knob and flung the door open. Then pointing the revolver at the girl, he dragged her out into the hall, she resisting feebly and sobbing aloud.

As the two came out they met the sentry. Clif eyed him from under his cape, his heart almost standing still with suspense.

For the critical moment had come then; upon that last ruse the two had staked all their chances.

It seemed for a moment that they had succeeded. The sentry saluted; and Clif, imitating the deep voice of the hated lieutenant, turned to the girl and hissed:

"Shut up your mouth!"

And then he dragged her toward the head of the stairs.

He thought that he was safe; but unfortunately he was mistaken.

It was certainly through no fault of either of the two, for they had played their part well, and the sentry had not the least suspicion.

But there was an obstacle that neither of the two had foreseen. The sentry stepped up behind Clif.

"Senor lieutenant!" he cried.

Clif felt the girl by his side give a start of horror.

Clif whirled about.

"What is it?" he growled angrily.

"Senor lieutenant, I am very sorry, but—but you cannot pass."

Clif was dismayed. But he had still presence of mind enough to play his part.

"Por dios!" he cried. "Why not?"

"You know, senor, as well as I. It is against the orders."

"Carramba! Whose orders?"

"The captain's, senor. His last words to me were not to allow the young lady out of that room for any reason whatsoever."

Poor Clif's heart sank within him.

"But he told me to do this," he cried.

"I am very sorry, senor, but he told me differently. And I dare not disobey him, you know. He will be back in about ten minutes, and then, senor——"

Clif still managed to feign anger.

"Santa Maria!" he interrupted, "do you refuse to obey me?"

The sentry trembled and turned pale; but he still held out.

"Senor," he protested, "I am very sorry. But what can I do?"

"This is mutiny!" roared Clif.

There must have been something in his voice then that awakened the sentry's suspicions. Clif was aware that his imitation was a very poor one. And suddenly he saw the sentry give a start and peer under the cape with a puzzled look.

Clif's position was a desperate one then. He knew that an instant's hesitation would ruin everything.

He flung open the door and dragged the terrified girl back into the room.

He knew one way to remove the sentry's suspicions; he struck at Miss

YOU MUST READ ABOUT FRANK'S POWERS OF VENTRILOQUISM.



Celayo and pushed her into the room so roughly that she almost fell to the floor.

And then he turned to the sentry.

"Come in here," he muttered.

The man obeyed, though Clif could see that he did so with hesitation.

But there was no hesitation on Clif's part; he shut the door and then faced the man.

An instant later he flung back the cape from his face and leveled his revolver at the horrified sailor's head.

"Hold up your hands!" he muttered, grimly.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ESCAPE.

When Clif Faraday was in a ticklish situation he had a determined desperate air about him that swept things before him with a rush.

It was so in this case. The unfortunate sentry was completely taken aback and helpless; almost before he could realize what was happening, Clif had stepped forward and taken away his cutlass and revolver.

And then Maria Celayo set to work to tie him up and gag him. In a minute more that was done.

The girl sprang to the door instantly.

"Come!" she cried. "We've not a second to lose!"

Clif was as prompt. The two sprang out into the hall, and the girl bounded down the stairs. Clif stopped only to lock the door on the outside and then he followed.

It was well that he took that precau-

tion. It proved to be the only thing that saved them from recapture.

At the foot of the stairs they turned and darted toward the back door. In front they knew there was a sentry.

At the door Clif paused a moment to conceal his face with that providential cape once more. Also glancing into a room to the right, he caught sight of a table set for a meal.

He stopped to ask no questions, but darted in and snatched up a loaf of bread, which was the first thing he saw. He slipped that into the pocket of the overcoat and sprang toward the door again.

Nothing but hunger could have led Clif to take that risk, for it was really a great one. It almost caused his ruin.

For before he had time to open the door and dart out of the house he heard some one turn the knob of the front door!

He realized to his dismay that he had no time to get out of the house. He caught the trembling girl by the arm and the two sprang back into a dark corner beneath the staircase.

The door opened. Who came in Clif could not tell, but Miss Celayo's ear told her.

"Father!" Clif heard her gasp.

A moment later Clif heard a heavy tread on the staircase.

He darted to the back door and opened it stealthily. At the same instant came a cry.

"Por dios! Where's the sentry?"

The two darted out. They were just in time to hear the angry captain fling himself against the door of Maria Celayo's room.

ZOLVEREIN DID NOT APPEAR. WHO TOOK HIS PLACE?



It was a trying moment. Any one who had seen the two running would have been surprised at Maria's willingness, even eagerness, to go with the hated Lieutenant Celayo.

Fortunately the streets were, as we have said, deserted. It was not until two or three seconds later that any one could be seen.

That was when the captain was heard to yell:

"Carrama! She's escaped again! Help!"

Rio Guayra woke up then with a vengeance. And there was all the excitement any one could have wished for.

Fortunately for the fugitives, the dense thicket was only about fifty yards away from the house, and they had almost reached the edge of it then. Clif was helping the girl on and running for his very life.

But they had not reached the place of concealment before they heard another shout from the infuriated captain.

"There they go, now! Quick! quick!"

Clif shot a glance over his shoulder and saw the captain standing in the window gesticulating wildly.

"He must be surprised to see her going with his nephew," was the thought that flashed over Clif.

But a moment afterward he was compelled to abandon that disguise.

He heard shouting and saw three men, Spanish sailors, dash round the side of the house and run toward them.

That they could outrun the girl was certain. The instant he saw them Clif flung back the cape and jerked out his revolvers.

"Por dios, it's the Yankee!" shrieked Celayo.

The Spaniards reached for their weapons, but they had no time to draw them. Clif fired.

No amount of excitement could ever destroy the accuracy of Clif Faraday's aim. Two of the men fell at the same instant.

The third stopped in alarm. He swung up his revolver, but Clif fired again with both his before the other could pull the trigger.

He staggered backward with a cry. Old Celayo also gave a yell of rage.

Clif promptly turned his weapons on him. A shot crashed through the glass just above him, and the captain sprang back into the room.

And at the same time Clif turned and darted away.

Maria Celayo had fortunately kept on running and had quite a start. Clif caught up with her and the two ran as they had seldom run in their lives before.

There was no path through the brush, but they knew that every step would make it harder for their pursuers to find them.

They heard the shouts behind them in the town to urge them on to greater efforts. For fully a mile they dashed on, until Maria Celayo was so exhausted that she was scarcely able to move.

But Clif hurried her on until he came to a spot where the ground was hard and he was sure no trail would be left. They turned then to one side, and after walking for several hundred yards more hid in a dense thicket of cane.

There they crouched, breathlessly waiting for any signs of their pursuers, Clif holding his revolvers ready.

But to their relief he had no occasion to use them. They had succeeded in eluding the Spaniards, and they heard nothing more of them, though they remained there several hours.

"We're safe at last," Clif said, cheerfully. "And now I think I'll eat this loaf of bread."

FRANK IS A FAMOUS ATHLETE.



## CHAPTER VII.

## AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Clif and Miss Celayo waited until there was no longer any chance of their meeting with the men from Rio Guayra. Clif's desire was of course to reach the American fleet, and so he did not wish to remain in hiding a moment longer than necessary.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they finally left their hiding-place, yet not so late but that they hoped to be able to signal an American vessel before dark.

Clif felt that it would be a comfort even to catch sight of the fleet and know that they were near. The two made their way in the direction in which they knew the ocean lay.

In a very few minutes they caught sight of it through the trees. And Clif went forward to reconnoitre.

He made his way carefully and silently; it was well for him that he did so.

For his first glance out upon the beach disclosed to him a rather startling sight.

He saw two men, Spanish sailors, and evidently from the town, walking down the beach, and carrying a wounded man in their arms!

Curiosity got the better of Clif's prudence, and he ventured another glance a minute later.

He recognized the third man, and smiled grimly.

"Lieutenant Celayo is in luck," he muttered. "Somebody found him after all."

Yes, it was Clif's battered opponent being carried back to his home. The thought flashed over Clif at the same instant that if the sailors had found the lieutenant there was an excellent chance of some more of them finding him.

And so he dodged back into the thicket once more. He waited until the little ambulance party had gotten well out of

sight, and then started toward the beach once more.

But it seemed just then as if Clif's perils were never to cease. He had hardly taken a step before he was stopped once more, this time in a far more startling way.

He heard the cracking of a twig not ten yards away.

Like a shot Clif dropped to the ground, flat upon his stomach, where he remained in silence.

Whoever the stranger was, he must have been alarmed, too. Though Clif strained his ears he could not catch another sound. The place was as silent as a tomb.

Clif's first thought was that Maria Celayo must have come to look for him. But no, this sound was in another direction. It must certainly be a straggler from the town.

"And a shot would ruin everything," thought Clif.

He raised his head above the grass and peered around him.

But he saw no one; and he knew that the other must have adopted his own tactics.

"Very well," thought Clif, "you may move first."

He had often read of the device of Indians when in such a position as that—to outlast the patience of the other man. That was the only thing Clif could think of to do.

To rise up would be to risk instant death; Clif knew that his opponent must be watching like a cat.

And that he was ready Clif knew from the fact that his ear suddenly caught a faint click, which he knew came from the cocking of a revolver.

Clif had his own weapon ready. For fully a quarter of an hour he lay flat upon the ground, straining eyes and ears.

FRANK HAS BEEN A RAILWAY EMPLOYEE.



The silence was fearfully oppressive, and the cadet felt quite certain that the other man would not stand it much longer.

And he was right; he was suddenly startled to hear a whisper.

"Hello, there! Who are you?"

It was in Spanish, and that confirmed Clif's worst fear. It was an enemy, then, for a fact; but he was getting impatient.

Clif debated in his mind whether it would be best to answer that hail. He finally concluded to do so in Spanish.

"A friend," he muttered.

The other responded promptly.

"Come out," he said, in a louder tone.

Clif, of course, had no idea of doing that.

"Come out yourself," he called.

He expected to see the other do so. To his surprise, however, this did not happen. The man must have been just as much surprised at Clif's own hesitation.

Clif waited fully another five minutes. Meanwhile he was thinking over the strange state of affairs. He suddenly came upon a startling possibility. Suppose the stranger's reason for hiding were the same as his own!

Instantly Clif decided to chance it.

"Are you an American?" he cried, in English.

The other hesitated a moment. And then, to Clif's intense delight, he answered in the same tongue.

"Yes, I am."

It was said in such a tone of relief that there was no mistaking it; but Clif was cautious still.

"Get up," he called, "and let me see."

The other was apparently no longer suspicious; he strode through the bushes.

And Clif took one glance at him and then bounded to his feet with a cry of amazement.

As for the other, when he saw Clif he staggered back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Clif Faraday!" he half yelled.

And Clif leaped toward him with a cry of delight.

"In Heaven's name, how did you get here?" he gasped.

It was Naval Cadet Vic Rollins, of the New York—Clif's chum!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A BOLD UNDERTAKING.

If the stranger had proved to be Admiral Sampson himself Clif could not have been more taken aback. And yet there could be no doubt about it—Vic Rollins it was!

"How in the world did you get here?" Clif cried again.

"The same to you," said Vic, equally amazed. "The last time I saw you you were a prisoner."

"I escaped. But the last time I saw you you were to go out to the fleet."

"I went, and I came back."

"What for?"

"To try to rescue you."

"And where were you going?"

"I was trying to sneak up to that town. I came within an ace of firing at you."

It may be believed that the greeting of those two was cordial. Their stories were soon told; Vic had gotten leave of absence to try to find out what had become of his friend.

Clif led the other back up the thicket where Maria Celayo was hiding. Vic had to tell his story over again then, after which the three talked over their situation.

"We've got to get out to the fleet in a hurry," said Clif, "and that is about all there is to be said. There's no place here where we can get anything to eat, and we're likely to meet some Spaniards any moment."

MERRIWELL APPEARS IN THE NICK OF TIME. SEE TIP TOP No. 133.



"If I'd only thought to find you so soon," muttered Vic. "I arranged to have a boat meet me in two days. But what can we do in the meantime? We certainly don't want to be captured."

Miss Celayo shuddered; it was quite evident that she did not.

"We'd all be murdered," she exclaimed.

Clif was silent for a few minutes in deep thought.

"There is no way of signaling," he said at last. "We'd be seen on the beach. I can only think of one thing else."

"What is that?" cried the girl, eagerly.

Clif answered in his usual quiet way, but his answer almost took away the breath of the other two.

"It will be a long swim——" he began.

"A long what!" cried Vic.

"A long swim, I said," Clif answered. "But I suppose it's got to be done."

"You're crazy, man!" exclaimed the other.

"No, I am not. It's the only thing. I swam three miles once when I was at the Naval Academy, and I can do it again. The water's warm."

"But sharks, man!"

"I don't believe there are any; and if there are, they're no more to be feared than Spaniards."

"But you'll miss the ships; it's a hazy day, anyhow."

"There are enough of them out there," said Clif, calmly. "I can't fail to reach one; and the water is not very rough. So I guess——"

Clif rose to his feet. Vic sprang up also.

"If you go, I go with you," he cried.

"And then who takes care of Miss Celayo?"

Vic could not answer that objection.

"But why not let me take the risk?" he demanded.

"I am a better swimmer than you," was Clif's quick response.

And Vic knew it. He could say nothing more. In five minutes Clif was on his way out to the beach to begin his desperate undertaking.

He wasted no time in hesitation, but removed most of his (or rather Lieutenant Celayo's) clothing. Then after glancing around to make sure that there were no Spaniards near to make a target of him, he waded out into the water.

A few quick strokes carried him past the breakers; and the long weary swim had begun.

But Clif had the advantage of perfect confidence. He knew that he had the amount of strength and endurance necessary.

It was a warm day and he found the water by no means unpleasant. It was true that those warships, though only two or three miles from shore, did look surprisingly far distant when he began to swim to them. But then Clif had the satisfaction of knowing that every stroke put him farther from shore and the possibility of meeting Spaniards.

"The water round here belongs to us, whatever the land may do," Clif thought to himself. "And I'll be safe in an hour or two."

Clif was careful as he swam to notice the lay of the land so that he would know just where to find the two he had left behind him. As he got farther out from shore he could see Rio Guayra also and the house in which he fancied Lieutenant Celayo lying in his battered condition and cursing Clif.

As the cadet had said, the water was not rough, and what wind there was came from the shore and helped him on. By the time the shore was half a mile



away and all danger past (as Clif thought), he began to feel that what Vic had thought such a desperate undertaking was nothing very much after all. But, unfortunately, Clif was not able to calculate all the chances. He was still a very long way from safety.

As we have said, the day was rather foggy. The vessels of the fleet could be seen, though but dimly.

Toward shore, as is usually the case, the haze was thicker. As Clif got farther out he found he could make out but little.

It was owing to that fact that a certain very unpleasant discovery was not made by Clif a good deal sooner than it was.

He was swimming along silently; his ear was suddenly caught by a splashing sound.

He stopped and gazed about him in some surprise. He could see nothing; but the splashing sound still continued.

And it was accompanied by other sounds, that Clif knew at once. A boat was approaching!

Naturally he would have liked it to be one of the blockading squadron. But from the direction of the wind Clif knew that the one he heard was coming down the shore.

And a moment later he made out the bow of a small gunboat, apparently a converted tug; it was coming straight toward him!

There was a problem for Clif to solve—whether he should try to get out of the way of that vessel or not.

On the one hand it might be one of the American gunboats, and on the other hand it might be a Spaniard, either coming out to overtake him, or taking advantage of the haze to run into Santiago with supplies.

Clif could not make up his mind. He finally determined to keep still and await developments.

But unfortunately that proved impossible. The vessel came straight toward him as if to run him down. Clif could see faces in the pilot house, and an officer with a glass. And the latter was apparently watching the swimmer.

What the vessel was Clif did not yet know. But he soon learned, for it swept nearer rapidly; and the important fact was soon plain to Clif that every one he could see on the boat had a dark complexion!

Clif was half dazed with surprise. The whole thing had come so suddenly that he could scarcely comprehend it.

It was over in just as short order.

He turned in alarm and made a desperate attempt to swim to one side; but the boat veered, too. And perhaps two minutes later all the suspense was over.

The vessel slowed up; and a rope was thrown to Clif. He tried to get away, but a sailor made a jab at him with a boathook. Another drew his revolver.

Clif gave up then, caught the rope, and was hastily dragged on board.

He was a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards once more!

The despair and disgust into which that terrible end of his swim plunged Clif may be imagined. Five minutes before all so bright, and now all his hopes dashed to pieces!

He sank down on the deck with a groan.

"It's back to Rio Guayra!" he thought.

But he was mistaken there; the captain of the vessel gave a whispered command and once more the vessel started—but heading straight on down the shore.

Clif had been struck by the silence in which everything was done. Not a word had been said during his capture, and even the engine bells were not rung.

Clif was never too deep in despair to calculate chances. As he lay on the deck



he found himself busy at work trying to think what this tug could be up to.

He soon arrived at a conclusion, which he afterward learned to be correct. The vessel had not come out for him, but had merely chanced to notice him on its way. It was trying a dash for the harbor of Santiago.

Just then the captain of the vessel chanced to pass him.

"Put handcuffs——" he began.

But he glanced at the prostrate figure for a moment, and stopped. Clif had been thinking of that, and his eyes were shut and his whole attitude one of complete exhaustion.

"I guess there's no need to bother with him," he said. "He's only half conscious, I think. You see he was a Yankee after all."

This last remark was made to another officer who had stepped up.

"Yes," said the other, "I wonder what he was doing."

"I don't know," said the captain. "We'll find out afterward. There's no time to bother now."

That conversation caused Clif no little relief. So these men knew nothing about his Rio Guayra adventures. He was only a prisoner of war, then.

"But where am I going?" he thought.

As if to answer him, the captain went on:

"This is getting pretty exciting," he said. "Things have gone beautifully, and the Yankees haven't dreamt of us."

"We ought to be safe in about five minutes now," said the other. "If we once get near the guns of the fort we're all right."

"And it'll be as good as a battleship for Spain," chuckled the other. "Por dios, if these Yankees only knew what a prize was escaping them!"

That was all of the conversation; the

two turned away to their several stations. And the "unconscious" prisoner was left lying on the deck.

As a matter of fact, Clif was quite vividly conscious of what was taking place. What was in this vessel he did not know, but he had heard enough to know that his country was suffering a serious reverse.

Daring thoughts and projects came into Clif's mind, and one did then.

"I've no more hope of helping Vic," he said to himself. "For I'll be a prisoner in Santiago. The question is, am I to lie here and see this chance to help my country go by? For there is a chance, even though it will cost me my life."

It did not take Clif many moments to make up his mind on that question. He shut his teeth together with a snap and then rolling over, darted a quick glance around him.

If he had seen a barrel of powder he would have tried to blow the vessel up; as it was he had to adopt a less sensational plan, though surely risky enough.

"This vessel shan't escape," he muttered.

They were sweeping nearer to the harbor entrance and the forts every moment. But there was still time for the vessel to be stopped if only some warning could be given—something to attract the attention of the ships to that dim form stealing down the shore, half hidden in the haze!

Some kind of warning was needed. A noise! Clif was looking——

"Ah!" he muttered suddenly.

And then gripping his hands together and gathering all his muscles for a spring, he made ready for his desperate effort.

It was so desperate, so daring and sudden, that it struck the Spaniards dumb with amazement and consternation.

Clif shot up to his feet and with a single bound sprang to the pilot house.



The glass window was down in front and the bold cadet's hand darted in.

He seized the rope of the whistle.

And a second later the silence was broken by a loud shrill blast that was almost deafening!

## CHAPTER IX.

### A CLOSE SHAVER.

The consternation of the Spaniards lasting not more than one second gave place to furious wrath, and a dozen men sprang at Clif. The captain, who had been standing in the bow whirled about with an oath as he heard the sound, and seeing Clif he whipped out his revolver and fired at him,

Clif was saved by his own quickness only. He had not tried to keep that whistle blowing more than a moment. He turned then and darted toward the side of the vessel.

The sudden move saved him from the bullet which struck the pilot house. But he did not succeed in leaping overboard. A tall Spanish sailor was in his way and flung his arms about him. A moment later the cadet received a glancing blow on the head with a sword.

He sank to the deck with a groan; what happened on board of the tug boat after that was unseen by Clif.

Very likely he would have been murdered by the infuriated men had they had time. As it was, they left him lying motionless to turn their attention to the imperilled vessel.

For Clif's unexpected act had plunged them into dangers of their own. The whistle had scarcely sounded before there came the boom of a gun.

And after that the little tug found itself in the midst of wild excitement. It had been sighted by the blockading ves-

sels far out at sea, and they turned and came racing in to head it off.

The first shot went wild, but a moment later a second cut across the bows of the tug not fifty feet away.

That meant "stop!" but the captain answered with an oath, and a yell down to the engine-room to increase the speed.

The little vessel was not more than a hundred yards off shore and scarcely half a mile from the entrance to the harbor. The chase would have to be decided in a few minutes.

Nothing but the heavy fog saved the tug from immediate destruction. The vessels, two or three miles distant as they were, could scarcely distinguish the chase from the shore.

Shots flew by all about it. Two cut through the funnel and another tore a great gap in the stern. The Spaniards swore, but they kept on towards the harbor.

In a minute or two more another factor appeared, the guns of the Santiago defenses. The warships were getting within range.

There was a lively time, for the next few minutes; the cannonading was incessant and it seemed hard to believe that it was all about the little tug.

One would have thought that as much as Clif's fate depended upon the issue of the race the noise and excitement would have had some effect in bringing back his scattered senses. But the heavy blow had stunned him completely, and he did not open his eyes until after it was all over.

And then it was to find that the worst had happened.

Nearing the harbor's entrance the lucky little vessel had run into a fog even denser, and the firing had ceased altogether. It did not begin again until the tug came into view in the act of turn-



ing into the narrow channel that leads into Santiago.

Two shots struck it then, but did not succeed in stopping it. The vessel swept round a curve of the land and the delighted Spaniards yelled for joy.

The forts still kept up an intermittent firing at the American vessels. The cause of the whole trouble meanwhile steamed up to the city, where she was welcomed with as many cheers as if she had been a whole squadron come to the rescue of Cervera.

Naturally being flushed with triumph the crew felt less wrath against the cadet than they would have felt had he succeeded in ruining them. Previously their rage had been so intense that they would have murdered him without a moment's hesitation.

But now the captain, chancing to see the unfortunate prisoner roll over with a groan merely turned to one of the sailors and ordered him to "tie that fellow up."

The sailor obeyed; and so it happened that when Clif opened his eyes he found himself helpless, bound hand and foot, lying near the pilot house of the tug, which was near a dock of the town.

Clif knew then that his brave effort had failed. But his head was ringing so and he was so weak and dazed that he was scarcely conscious of it at all.

He had a dim recollection of being picked up and carried somewhere; he recalls a dark cell and then a dimly lighted room with a long row of beds in it.

Clif was taken to the hospital at Santiago, where his wound was dressed and food was given him.

Under these circumstances his strength partially came back to him. His thoughts then were not particularly cheerful ones, though he knew that he had done his best.

For the next two days Clif remained

there, and of course met with no adventures in the meantime.

He was fairly well treated, and though he did not get much to eat he felt he had no right to complain. All Santiago was starving just then and Clif had to share in the suffering.

His wound proved not to be a very serious one, and on the third day he was considered to be well enough to be moved back to prison, a fact for which he was by no means glad.

He was under the escort of two men in the uniform of sailors, apparently part of the crew of Admiral Cervera's vessels.

The town of Santiago was by no means unfamiliar to the cadet, he having spent several days in it in disguise. As he came out of the hospital doors he gazed about the familiar streets with no little interest.

He supposed that he was to be taken to the city jail, since the Spaniards had not captured prisoners enough to make a military prison necessary.

Clif found that he was not mistaken in this, and he was by no means glad of it.

"A nasty, dirty little jail!" he muttered. "And I'll have to stay there until the city's captured, and miss all the fighting."

But Clif was not always a good prophet. He was much mistaken in this case; for as it actually turned out Clif was destined to have by far the most exciting time of any of the Americans in that famous battle with the Spanish admiral.

And he was also mistaken if he supposed he was going to meet with no excitement while in the Santiago jail.

He realized that somewhat before he got there. An American prisoner was an unusual sight in Santiago, and there was soon quite a crowd of ragged Spaniards following behind and jeering.

But they tried no violence, and so Clif

A LEADING FEATURE OUR FREE COUPON OFFER—See Page 32.



did not mind their shouts. But he heard another sound a few minutes later that made him start as if he had been shot.

A man had been walking down the street on the other side. Seeing the crowd he glanced over and a moment later gave a yell.

"Por dios, it's he!"

Clif would have known that voice among a thousand. He shuddered, and whirled about to look.

He saw that he was not mistaken.

It was Lieutenant Celayo!

## CHAPTER X.

### TWO UNEXPECTED MEETINGS.

The fury of the lieutenant must be imagined by the reader, for it cannot be described. It would have been hard to say whether his face was purple most from his wrath or the bruises Clif had given him.

What he did may best indicate how he felt. All reason seemed to leave him as he caught sight of Clif's face.

He whipped his sword out of his scabbard and dashed across the street at him.

There was the wildest excitement in a moment. The crowd yelled with delight, and Clif, who was handcuffed and helpless, sprang back from the furious man.

He thought that his hour had come; but he was mistaken, for help came from an unexpected quarter.

The two sailors had an interest in protecting Clif, for they had been charged to carry him in safety to the jail. And one of them stepped in front of Lieutenant Celayo.

"Stop, senor!" he cried.

"Por dios!" shrieked the unfortunate man. "Out of my way!"

He tried to push the man away; the crowd yelled for blood. But the sailor stood firm.

If possible the lieutenant's rage was even greater then, but it all turned against the obdurate sailor.

"You fool!" he screamed. "Back, I say!"

And he raised his sword to strike him. The sailor would have been a dead man in another moment.

But he and his companion both drew their revolvers at the same instant, and, Lieutenant Celayo's upraised arm did not fall.

But the sight had roused the temper of the crowd. Several stones were flung at Clif and half a dozen knives flashed out.

Clif and the two sailors had to look forward to a very pleasant time for the next few moments.

But just then, to their infinite relief, further aid chanced to arrive. There was a sound of galloping hoofs and a file of half a dozen mounted city guards came galloping down the street.

They heard the disturbance and were prompt to divine the cause. Lieutenant Celayo had slunk away when he realized that he was foiled, and so the police saw only an attempt to mob a prisoner.

They charged straight into the crowd, which scattered quickly enough then. And for the moment Clif knew that he was safe.

The march to the jail was resumed and with this new escort Clif reached it without further molestation. It was not without a sigh of relief that he heard the iron gates clang behind him.

And yet he realized too well that he had little cause for rejoicing. As he marched down the long corridor the face of the furious lieutenant seemed to haunt him, and Clif knew that while that man was alive he could count on no security.

He had looked to see him when the crowd scattered. But he, the cause of all

EVERYBODY WANTS FRANK TO RETURN TO YALE.



the trouble, had disappeared. Clif felt sure that it was to plot more evil.

Out of all the unpleasant prospect before him Clif could get only one consoling thought.

"He's got me," the brave fellow thought, "and I suppose he'll have me killed. But he hasn't got Maria yet."

And in that one fact Clif took his only comfort, as he entered the dismal jail.

Such being the case, the despondent feeling which passed over him a few minutes later was truly natural. An event occurred which to Clif had all the swiftness of a thunderbolt.

The two sailors marched into a little room where an officer sat at a desk. They were compelled to wait here for about twenty minutes along with half a dozen dirty-looking prisoners. Clif's turn finally came and he went through the formality of giving his name and rank.

The officer rang a bell which was evidently a summons for a jailor to come and take charge of the prisoner. There was only a minute's delay; but during that minute a most momentous event occurred.

Clif heard the iron door clang, as if some one else had entered the jail. He heard footsteps in the corridor. And a moment later several persons entered.

The officer at the desk was watching Clif and his eyes opened with astonishment. Clif had staggered back against the wall, white in the face.

The officer turned to see who had entered.

He saw four persons. Two of them were guards. The other two were prisoners.

One of them was a tall, handsome young officer, so pale and weak, however, that he could scarcely stand. The other was a girl, who was almost unconscious from exhaustion and terror.

They were Vic Rollins and Maria Celayo!

They saw Clif staring at them in consternation; but they had no chance to speak to him.

The two guards marched them up to the desk. Poor Clif strained his ears to catch every word that was said.

But unfortunately he was not able to do so. Just then a jailor came in and took him by the arm.

The cadet knew that to protest would be worse than useless. He turned to follow the man resignedly.

So he did not see what happened to his two friends for the next minute or so. The jailor led him to a cell, and was about to unlock the door when another man came hurrying down the corridor after them.

"The sergeant wants to see that fellow again," he called.

And so to Clif's surprise he was marched back.

The first person he saw as he entered the room was the revengeful Lieutenant Celayo!

He was standing by the desk; and when he saw Clif he clinched his hands until they were blue.

"That's the fellow!" he cried.

"Ah!" said the sergeant. "I thought he seemed to know the other two. Lucky they were brought to the same jail."

"Yes," muttered the lieutenant, grimly, "it was. How did you say these other two were caught?"

"They were captured by Captain Varez's men. They must have been trying to make their way round to the American lines. The man shot three of the party before he gave up."

Vic Rollins smiled grimly as he heard that; he and Clif exchanged glances.

"Now to business," said the lieutenant, impatiently. "Will you read the



charges I have just made against this girl?"

"Yes, senor," said the sergeant.

And then to Clif's amazement he read this:

"Maria Celayo, aged 18. Charged with treason. On the night of June 30, she betrayed to an American officer the whereabouts of the torpedo boat Havana, and aided him in destroying the same. Charges preferred by Lieutenant Miguel de Celayo and Don Rodriguez de Celayo, captain."

Apparently Vic and Maria had heard that before. But it took Clif completely by surprise.

He sprang forward instantly.

"Those charges are false!" he cried. "She never——"

"Silence, there!" roared the sergeant.

"Now then," he said, turning to Celayo, "for the second one."

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "Write this: Clif Faraday, U. S. naval cadet, charged with breach of parole, having stolen and destroyed the torpedo boat Havana while on parole given by Captain Celayo. Charges preferred by same."

That charge was, of course, equally false. But the unfortunate prisoners did not have a chance to say a word.

"You say that Captain Celayo will be here to substantiate these charges?" inquired the sergeant.

"He will," said the lieutenant. "And now for the order from the chief of police."

As he uttered those words he cast at Clif a look of hatred so intense that he seemed almost insane.

He drew a paper from his pocket and spread it out before the sergeant.

"You see," he said, "it is perfectly regular. It orders you to turn over to me for transfer to El Morro prison,

the persons of this Maria Celayo, her escort, Cadet Rollins, and this man Faraday.

The emotions with which Clif heard that may be imagined. Turned over to the mercies of this maniac! And to be taken out to the dungeons of Morro!

The sergeant inspected the paper carefully.

"Yes," he said, "it seems regular, though it is a trifle unusual. But these are evidently dangerous prisoners."

"Very!" muttered Celayo.

Clif had a notion to add to the sergeant, "One of us battered his face up as it is." But he thought the lieutenant's rage was great enough already.

"Dated July 3rd," he muttered. "This morning! You must have just come from there."

"Not five minutes ago," said Celayo. "I saw this Faraday on the street, and so I went to the chief of police to get the order. And I learned there that these other two had just been brought in. It was unexpectedly good luck."

"Especially so for you," said the sergeant, "since this Yankee blew up your torpedo boat."

The lieutenant frowned angrily and muttered an oath between his teeth. Clif thought he was going to leap at him again.

But he restrained himself until a more suitable time. Clif saw a savage smile flit across his face.

And then the lieutenant stepped forward hastily.

"Come," he said, "I must lose no more time."

"I see these prisoners are handcuffed," he added a moment later. "But I mean to take them in a carriage I have here. But I wish the two men tied so that there can be no chance of their getting away,

THE AUDIENCE ACCEPTS FRANK MERRIWELL.



for they are desperate characters. And they must be gagged."

"Why so, senor?"

"Why!" cried the other, impatiently. "Because I do not wish to have the whole city following my carriage if they begin yelling."

The sergeant turned to give the necessary orders; but he was stopped in an unexpected way.

"Wait a moment, please."

It was Clif who had stepped forward, shaking off the jailer who held him.

Clif realized fully the horrible fate that was before him and his friends if they fell into the hands of Lieutenant Celayo. It was almost certain that they would not reach El Morro, or if they did it would be only to suffer his vengeance there.

There was only a faint hope, but Clif still clung to that. He had an idea that the letter must be a forgery. He could not think how else the man had obtained it.

The sergeant looked up at Clif in surprise.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I protest against being turned over to this man," Clif cried.

"Indeed!" said the sergeant, sarcastically.

"If you let him take us out of this jail," the other continued, excitedly, "you will find yourself responsible for our murder."

"It will make very little difference," came the reply. "Death is the penalty of both your crime and the girl's!"

"When we are proven guilty. But I am not guilty, and neither is she. And even if she were, that is no reason for putting us at the mercy of this man."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

"This paper will relieve me of all responsibility," he said. "I but obey orders."

"But how do you know this order is genuine?"

"I have seen the signature a thousand times. And Lieutenant Celayo is an officer and a man of honor."

"But what reason is there for surrendering us to him?"

"Somebody must take you to Morro. Why not he? Besides he is particularly interested in you."

The sergeant said that with a smile and a wink at the lieutenant.

Then half in derision he spread the paper out on the desk before Clif.

"You may read the order for yourself," he said.

Clif read it. He first noticed the date—July 3d, 1898.

Little did he think as his eye rested upon it that that date was destined to become one of the most famous in American history. Little did he think that already that early in the morning preparations were being made—but we anticipate the course of the story.

Clif read the rest of the order, which was on official paper and perfectly regular. He wondered how the lieutenant could have gotten it.

When he read the signature at the bottom the truth flashed upon him with terrible suddenness. "Bernabe de Celayo, Chief of Police."

"Celayo!" Clif cried.

"Yes," said the sergeant, grimly, "Lieutenant Celayo's brother."

Clif knew then that all hope was gone. But his face flushed with anger at the injustice of it.

"This is an outrage!" he cried. "I demand to see the British consul."

"If the lieutenant chooses to allow you, I do not care," was the impatient response. "Lieutenant, the prisoners are yours."

A wild gleam of triumph shone in



Celayo's eyes, and he sprang forward instantly.

"Tie them up!" he cried to the jailers.

So great was the furious man's eagerness that he seized a rope himself and sprang toward the nearest of the three.

It was Vic, who had been a silent spectator of this scene. To reach him Celayo pushed Maria aside roughly, and the poor girl, who was almost dead from fright and exhaustion, nearly fell to the ground.

Vic's face flushed with anger, and he clinched his hands behind his back. Clif muttered a word of warning, but it did no good.

Don Celayo stooped to bind Vic; the bold cadet, putting all his might into a kick, swung out one of his feet and caught the Spaniard squarely in the stomach.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION.

There would have been the first of the murders Clif predicted then and there had not Don Celayo been knocked perfectly helpless. He rolled about the floor in agony, while the jailers seized the unruly prisoner.

Vic smiled grimly as he saw the sufferings of the savage Spaniard, but Clif knew that the brave fellow had only brought misery upon himself.

When the man finally recovered enough, he did not, as Clif had expected, rush at them. By that time they were completely bound, gagged and helpless; but Celayo merely glared at them, clinched his hands and waited.

"Quick!" he cried. "Come on, and carry them out."

Clif never felt more despair in his life than when he felt himself laid in that carriage. He knew that he and his friends were absolutely and completely helpless, and at the mercy of a perfect fiend.

But there was no way to help it. He and Vic were carried out and Miss Celayo was led. Lieutenant Celayo sprang in, and shouted to the driver.

And a moment later, amid the cheers of the few spectators who had gathered the carriage rattled down the street. The desire of Lieutenant Celayo's life was realized at last.

And his joy was terrible to see. He sat and gloated over them in brutal delight. It made the wretched prisoners shudder to look at him.

But the man still restrained his impatience. He was waiting until he reached his destination, whatever it might be.

Clif tried to think what would become of them. He was quite certain that they would never see El Morro.

In this he was correct, though the reason for it was one that none of them knew of. Lieutenant Celayo actually had meant to take them there before seeking his vengeance.

But an event that was most unexpected prevented that.

We have said before that there were few spectators near when the carriage started. The reason for that, as the officer who was sitting at the carriage window soon saw, was that nearly everybody was hurrying toward the docks of the city.

It was necessary for the carriage to go in that direction also. And Lieutenant Celayo soon found himself interested in wondering what could be the matter.

If he had had time he would have stopped to ask; as it was he had almost reached the water front before he learned.

And then the news came to him with the suddenness of a thunder clap.

Somebody saw him in the carriage. The prisoners did not know who it was, but they heard the voice.

FRANK KNOWS ALL ABOUT MAGIC.



"Hello, Celayo! Where are you going?"

It was one of the man's brother officers. For a wonder the answer was a truthful one.

"To El Morro."

"But why not to the ships, man?"

"The ships! Why?"

"Haven't you heard the news? The admiral decided to try to escape this morning. Everything's nearly ready now, and you're wanted, of course."

Lieutenant Celayo was knocked almost breathless by that startling statement. Evidently he had not expected anything of the kind, and he muttered a furious oath!

As for Clif and his two fellow-sufferers, how their hearts bounded may be imagined. If a miracle had been vouchsafed to aid them they could not have been more amazed.

"The admiral's decided to try to escape this morning!" That must mean some kind of a battle. And Celayo going! He might be killed—he might never come back to wreak his terrible vengeance!

If Clif had not been gagged he would have yelled for joy. As it was, he and Vic exchanged suggestive glances.

That the lieutenant realized what the sudden turn of affairs meant as well as they was plain.

He stared about him wildly as if unable to believe what he heard. He cursed at his luck and Clif half-expected that in his frenzy he would draw his sword and murder all three of them there.

But instead of that he called to the driver, who turned out to one of the crowded docks. Lieutenant Celayo sprang out and darted away.

He must have learned that the news was true. In a minute or two he returned with half a dozen sailors.

"Quick!" he cried. "Carry them to the boat."

The helpless prisoners heard that with considerable surprise and wonder. They were all of them trying to think what it could mean.

"This is a strange way to go to Morro!" thought Clif.

And so it was. The three of them were put in a ship's cutter, the lieutenant accompanying them.

And to their utter amazement and consternation, about ten minutes later they found themselves being lifted on board of the Cristobal Colon, Admiral Cervera's flagship

## CHAPTER XII.

### A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

However Lieutenant Celayo in his insane desire for vengeance ever managed to get permission to keep those prisoners on board the warship at such a time, the three could only guess. They heard him whispering with some higher officer and caught the words "valuable information I can make them give up."

At any rate, by that lie or some others he achieved his purpose. He had them carried below and secured in separate compartments of the vessel.

And Clif Faraday found himself flung into a corner and left alone with his thoughts. He was so dazed by the amazing events of the last few minutes that he could scarcely realize where he was.

A few minutes ago he had been expecting to be murdered. This had been made impossible by almost a miracle. And now—he could scarcely comprehend what was before him.

He was going into battle—a prisoner on the enemy's flagship!

It was Clif's nature to love danger and

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excitement. And he found his heart thumping and his blood leaping with eagerness and delight.

And yet he could not but realize that his was an unusual situation. Others could see and fight. But he had to lie helpless, hoping that the ship might be destroyed, and yet absolutely certain that if it were his death was inevitable.

But Clif had very little time to think over the prospect. At this climax of his fate things kept moving with startling swiftness.

Not two minutes had he been lying there before he heard a sound of an anchor being raised; and then the great vessel began to tremble with the throbbing of the machinery.

Admiral Cervera's great voyage had begun!

Clif was near an open porthole; he could hear the cheering of the people on the docks. But what he could hear was all he knew.

He had to imagine the vessel stealing out the narrow channel with its companions. He tried to calculate the time, but his anxiety deceived him.

He was waiting, praying for a certain sound. It seemed an age in coming, though in reality it was only about fifteen minutes.

It was the boom of a gun—the first note of the battle!

Oh, how Clif's heart did leap at that wild moment! Previous to that all had been silence and breathless suspense; but in one second pandemonium seemed to break loose—shouts, and cheers, and then the perfectly deafening thunder of a broadside.

The vessel seemed to quake from stem to stern with that sound, and the hot air seemed to fill in one second with the smoke and fumes of powder.

The signal once given by that one shot, the terrific cannonading never ceased for one single instant. The next hour was a terrible one for Clif, terrible beyond anything he had been able to conceive.

He had all the distress of hearing and knowing nothing, all the agony of brain-racking suspense. He had absolutely no way of telling how all the tumult could be resulting, nor even of guessing what

might be the fate of his two friends on board.

To the deafening crashes of the great guns and the ceaseless ear-splitting clatter of the smaller were soon added far more unpleasant sounds, the rearing shot and the crashes of exploding shells.

Clif soon found that all the fighting was done on the opposite side of the vessel, and to his quick mind that told of a run down the shore. Fortunately for him he was on the shore side.

The story of that memorable fight is of course known to every reader. He knows of the frightful carnage upon the Spanish vessels, and he may picture the scenes among which Clif found himself; there were times when the yells of the drunken sailors and the shrieks of the wounded almost drowned the sounds of the firing.

The Colon sustained at first the least damage of any of the vessels. It was she who made the long run; and the anxiety of Clif may be easily imagined.

It seemed as if it would never end; hours were ages; and yet through it all he could hear the firing of the American ships never slackening, and that cheered him.

Not once was Clif struck. But the scene of wreck about him was frightful as the terrible climax drew near. But he only gloated over it, and lay with straining ears and staring eyeballs to learn what the end would be—sinking or surrender or escape or what?

He tried to catch from the shouts of the sailors some inkling of what was happening. But when he finally learned it was not in that way. It was by hearing a deafening crash that flung him across the compartment!

Aground.

He would have yelled in triumph if he could. After that terrific suspense his joy and relief were indescribable. Now they might sink—he might die! What did he care now? His country was ahead! The victory was won!

It was a time when every one was trying to save himself. And after the first thrill of joy Clif tried it also. He found that in spite of the ropes on his ankles he could get up to his feet; and he was trying to get to the bulkhead door.



But it was suddenly flung open, and the cadet staggered back.

A terrible sight greeted his eyes. Lieutenant Celayo dashed in!

His face and clothes were stained with blood and powder and his eyes were blazing with fury.

In one hand he clutched a loaded revolver; and he sprang toward Clif Faraday with a frenzied oath.

"I'll have you yet!" he shrieked.

And he leveled his weapon; Clif closed his eyes.

The next instant there was a terrific explosion. But it was not from that fiend's revolver.

It was from a huge shell which had torn its way through the battered vessel and exploded.

The air seemed fairly full of flying fragments and smoke. Clif was half stunned and half blinded.

But when he opened his eyes again his feeling was one of thankfulness. Lieutenant Celayo had been struck by a flying fragment and was writhing in agony upon the floor!

To Clif Faraday that seemed a miracle. The wild emotion which filled him at that moment gave him the strength of a demon.

He snapped the rope that bound his ankles as if it had been thread, and possessed by but one thought, he dashed down the deck of the sinking vessel.

Vic and Maria Celayo!

Clif hunted like a madman; though handcuffed and gagged, he tore through compartment after compartment, heart-sick at the horrors he saw, stumbling over dead and dying, slipping in blood, and yet still rushing on.

For none of the dead and wounded were the ones he sought.

No, thank Heaven, they were among the living; Clif almost ran against Maria Celayo, who was rushing about in search of him.

Clif had but one thought then—his faithful chum. The agony of not being able to speak was frightful.

But Maria Celayo knew what he thought of. And she darted away, he following.

And she led him to where Vic Rollins lay, likewise stumbling helplessly about.

A dead officer lay near, a sword in his hand. Though handcuffed, Clif and the girl managed to sever Vic's bonds with that sword.

And then supporting each other, the three began a desperate effort to get up to the upper deck out of the scenes of carnage and destruction. There was no one to help or prevent them; but volumes of water beginning to flood the place where they were urged them on.

The next few minutes seemed to Clif like a nightmare. He could recollect nothing of it after it was all over. But he knew that he must have succeeded in finding one of the vessel's companionways because he is alive to tell the tale.

There was one moment, however, that he never forgot. That was the moment of safety—the climax of his frightful perils.

Oh, what a moment it was! To stand beneath God's blue sky—to feel the fresh air in their faces—and above all to see the triumphant vessels of their country near, with Old Glory waving and the sailors cheering frantically, even while they rowed in to rescue the crew of the surrendered vessel.

It is needless to describe the amazement of the first American officer who came on board to see our three friends, and needless to describe the infinite relief and joy of the three prisoners who had endured so much.

There is no more appropriate scene upon which the curtain of our story may fall than the scene of that glorious American victory.

[THE END.]

The next issue will contain "The Wolves of the Navy; or, Clif Faraday's Search for a Traitor," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.



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A new article, just introduced, giving in a series of thirty colored pictures a graphic portrayal of the Battle of Manila. These pictures show in succession the cause of the war, the entry of Admiral Dewey's fleet into Manila harbor, the first shot, the various scenes of the battle ending in the downfall of the Spanish flag, and the triumphant floating of Old Glory, followed by a portrait of our hero, Admiral Dewey, Uncle Sam spanking the boy king of Spain, and finally ejecting Spain from Cuban soil. These pictures are small but very interesting, and are fastened together so that by a rapid motion they can be operated similar to a Mutoscope.

**A very interesting collection of pictures.**

**Certain to please every one of our readers.**

We will send one postpaid to anybody who complies with the conditions as stated in the coupon below.

You can secure as many war graphs as you desire, provided you send sufficient coupons and stamps, provided each of the set of three is from a different publication.

Send in your coupons. Remember this is a purely gratuitous gift on our part, intended to call your attention to others of our publications besides the ones you are now purchasing. If you cannot procure what you desire from your newsdealer, send us twelve cents and one coupon, and we will send you by return mail a copy of two other publications and the war-graph. Address your coupons to

**STREET & SMITH'S PREMIUM DEPT. 81 Fulton Street, New York.**

Coupons published previous to the following numbers are not good under this offer: 127 Tip Top, 101 Diamond Dick, 19 True Blue, 90 Nick Carter.

"Patriotic Badge Coupons" published in previous issues of these publications will not be received for badges after Oct. 1st, 1898.

## TRUE BLUE COUPON.

This coupon, accompanied by two others, each from a different one of the following publications: Diamond Dick, Jr., Tip Top Weekly, or Nick Carter Weekly, entitle the sender to the premium we offer, if a two cent stamp is also enclosed to pay for postage and packing.

**STREET & SMITH.**

**What Will Frank do Next? You Can Find Out in the Tip Top Weekly.**









## When I was 22 years old

I lost my hair entirely. I had the best medical treatment at home, and consulted physicians personally in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Fort Worth with no success. By accident I got some of your medicine, and before I had used two bottles my hair began to grow, which now hangs below my waist and is soft and healthy. When it became known my hair had grown out my husband had numerous letters of inquiry, wanting his receipt and offering to pay largely for it. We simply replied to all, 'Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer did the work,' and I know of no case that it has failed to give the best results.—Mrs. G. A. MATTHEWS, Weatherford, Texas.

### Hall's Hair Renewer Restores Color

When the nerves are made more active and the blood supply increased, then the natural coloring matter is again deposited in the hair.

### Hall's Hair Renewer Removes Dandruff

When the diseased scalp is thoroughly healed, then this forerunner of baldness will be cured. Once removed in this way, it never returns.

### Hall's Hair Renewer Checks Falling

A sign of weakness. The starved hair needs feeding. The hair bulbs must be invigorated. When made strong, hair ceases to fall.

### Hall's Hair Renewer Cures Baldness

Even a little spark of vitality in the hair bulbs may be awakened into full life, and bring forth abundant, luxuriant hair.

### Hall's Hair Renewer Hastens Growth

Remove the obstacles, give nature a little lift at the start, and the hair cannot help but grow. It does only what is natural for it to do.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to  
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.